



Only Fools Rush In by [thesunddancekid](#)

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Summary: It's the last semester of Amy Anne Foster's Senior Year when she gets put in a group project with Steve Harrington and Billy Hargrove. With Billy pining after her and Steve trying to be her protector, this last semester is turning out to be a crazy one. Rated M for language, future smut/sexy time, and god knows what else. O/C, Steve Pairing with a dash of crazy Billy. Please enjoy!

1. Chapter 1

"Amy Anne Foster, if you aren't a sight for sore eyes!" Jenn exclaimed, hugging me and squeaking loudly. "Jenn! How was Niagra Falls? Oh, I missed you. Winter Break felt like an eternity since you weren't here. All I did was study and babysit. It was a drag." I smiled, grabbing Jenn's hand.

Jenn and I have been best friends since 5th grade after I moved to Hawkins. We bonded because we are both red heads and we love Star Wars; and we've been inseparable ever since.

Jenn smiled and sat down in her desk beside me, "We had so much fun! There were so many cute boys, I even k-" "Alrighty, class. It is the last semester of your senior year and I *fully* expect you all to really buckle down," Our history teacher proclaimed, getting us all to quite down, "It's great to have you all back! The Snowball is over, and your break is over. So, what better way to start off the last half of our year of History than with a grouuuuup project!" Mr. Johnson said in a sing songy voice. The whole class let out a long sigh. I looked over at Jenn, we rolled our eyes at each other and she mouthed "together?", I nodded and gave her a goofy face, mouthing "duh".

Mr. Johnson patted his podium and then pulled out a laminated sheet of paper. Clearing his throat, he proclaimed, "For this Group Project I have taken the liberty of forming the groups myself!" The class groaned. Mr. Johnson giggled and started to assign groups. "Alrighty, I have Andrews, Zwillich, Turner in a group. Summers, Calhoun, Brooks; next group. Wheeler, Byers, Michaels; Group 3. Tew, *Simpkis*,-"

"Jenn and I are officially not in the same group.." I thought to myself. "But there aren't really anymore people I could be with besides-"

"Hargrove, Harrington, *Foster*; My final grou-" My eyes shot to the back of the room to Billy Hargrove, Devil Incarnate. He gave me a smirk and a wink. My eyes quickly shot from him across the room to the lone wolf, Steve Harrington. He raised his eyebrows and took a deep breath in, I turned my gaze from him to my shoes.

"Okay everyone, you have until the end of January to come up with an oral project on either the History of Hawkins, the History of Indiana, or the History of America. Now find your group, get acquainted, and start your dive into some rich and exciting history!" Mr. Johnson rang out, sitting down at his desk and clearing his throat. The class got into their collective groups. I finally stood up and walked over to Steve and moved my hair behind my ears and cleared my throat, "Hey, Steve, right?" Steve looked up at me and gave a small smile, "That's me... You're Jenn's friend, Amy Anne." "Mhm... So, uh, I guess we're doing this project. I think it would be fun to do the History of Haw-" Billy slammed his hands on Steve's desk and raised his eyebrows at Steve, "Well, well, well. If it isn't *King* Steve Harrington in the flesh. Shame you didn't get into a group with *your sweet little Nancy*. Oh, wait.. Didn't she leave you for Byers?" He smirked, Steve rolled his eyes. Billy's eyes glanced over to me, looking me up and down, "And who do we have here? My, my, my. Why haven't I seen you around before? What's your name, *Red*?" "Uhh, I'm Amy Anne," I stammered, looking at my feet, "I study a lot and usually spend most of my time in the library." Billy smiled, stepping closer to me, "Well, I guess we're study buddies now, *Red*. I'm looking forward to preforming *orally* on you-I mean, with you. It'll be fun." "Stop it," Steve slammed his hand on his desk and stood up, face to face with Billy. "How about you just stop now while you're ahead, *King Steve*," Billy smirked getting in Steve's face.

"**Ahem**," Mr. Johnson cleared his throat, slightly standing up. "Boys, everything alright back there."

The entire class turned to us. I slowly sat down in a desk beside me. Billy and Steve grimaced at each other and Steve sat down beside me. "Sorry about that ass-hole. He's been at school for a few months and thinks he's the shit." "It's okay, I don't think anything of it. I just hope he won't screw up our project," I shyly smiled.

The bell rang, school was out for the weekend.

"Party at my place, bitches!" Tommy yelled in the hallway, giving Billy a high-five, walking out of the school. Billy ran over to Jenn and I and leaned up against my locker, "I *really* hope that you make it, Red. You *and* your friend." He winked and ran out of the school. Jenn

looked at me and raised her eyebrows. "No," I huffed, playfully glaring at her. "Oh, come on, Amy. When do we ever get invited to parties? We *have* to go," Jenn giggled and pouted at me. "Nope. *Never*," I rolled my eyes. "Amy! Come *onnnnn*," she pleaded, playfully pushing me. "Fine. Only because you're annoying me so badly. We'll only go and make an appearance," I grimaced, squinting my eyes at Jenn, who started doing a happy dance. "Girl, I am so excited! Can I dress you up?"

We pulled up to a large blue house that had cars parked everywhere and trash in the lawn. I bet the whole school was already at this party, and everyone was already drunk. We got out of Jenn's car and started to walk towards Tommy's house.

"Ya know, we can always turn back now, Jenn. We don't necessarily have to go inside. We did show up," I stammered, thinking I could convince Jenn that leaving was the best option, which it was. "Uh no, I am wearing high heels and hairspray, we are not leaving. And you are wearing a dress! I haven't seen you wear a dress since your aunt died when we were in middle school. We need this party, Amy. This party needs us. I need a hot guy to hook up with!" Jenn giggled and grabbed my hand. We walked inside, the smell of alcohol and weed filled the air. All Night Long is playing loudly, people are making out and someone made a toga out of a bed sheet. Everything within me is telling me to go home, but I know how badly Jenn wants to be here. "Red!" Billy yells from across the room, clearly very drunk, "You made it!" "Oh god," I whispered under my breath. "OOO, Amy that's Billy Hargrove from earlier! He really wanted you here, didn't he!" Jenn exclaimed, taking a few sips of punch, "Holy shit, that is strong! I'll be back!" She walked off, trying to find the guy she had a crush on.

Billy walked over to me, shirt buttoned down to his belly, chest fully out. He had a few guys following him like lost puppy dogs. "Hey, Red. You look good. You want some beer or punch?" "No thanks, I'm okay," I looked around, trying to find Jenn. "So uh, you doing anyone tonight? I mean, are you doing anything tonight? After the party is over?" He chuckled, and his friends chuckled behind him. I rolled my eyes and crossed my arms, "What are you talking about?" "I'm talking about you and me, Red. That chemistry today in class? You clearly

want some of this, don't you?" He smirked moving closer to me. "Billy, what the hell are you talking about? I do not want you." He furrowed his brows and moved even closer to me, his friends too, "What's wrong? Why are you scared to admit that you want me? Are you too good? A prude?" I breathed heavily and pursed my lips in anger. He paused and looked me right in the eyes, "Are you a virgin, Red? You couldn't handle me?" He looked around at his friends, all laughing. He moved closer to me wrapping his hands around my hips. I could smell the alcohol on his breath.

"Stop it, you ass-hat!" A voice exclaimed from behind me. Billy let go, and I walked backwards into someone. It was Steve Harrington. Billy looked up and rolled his eyes, putting a cigarette between his lips, "Ya know, Harrington.. I'm getting really tired of your shit." Steve placed his hand between my shoulder blades and whispered, "You okay, Amy?" I nodded and exhaled deeply, trying to calm down. "Man, you need to leave her alone. There are plenty of girls that want to bone you at this party. Why pick on the one that doesn't?" Steve asked, clearly very annoyed. Billy lit his cigarette and moved closer to us, "Because, King Steve, I love the hunt." Steve huffed and rolled his eyes, "Well, your hunt will have to wait until another day, ass. Let's go, Amy Anne." Steve started to lead me out of Tommy's house when Billy exclaimed, "Red, Harrington may have you tonight, but I'll have you soon enough." His goons chuckled.

"God, I hate that guy," I huffed sitting down in the passenger seat of Steve's car. "I'm sorry you had to deal with that, I hate him too," Steve said, hopping into the driver's seat, brushing his hands through his hair, "What road do you live on, Amy?" "Baker Street, just right past town," I said letting out a small yawn, "Thank you for taking me home since Jenn bailed on me." "No problem! Baker Street is the street right behind where my family lives," Steve said, starting to drive towards my house, putting a tape into the cassette player. Just The Two of Us started playing, "Steve! I love this song!" "Me too!" He smiled tapping his hands on the wheel to the beat of the song.

He pulled onto my street and let out a snicker, "No way, no freaking way!" "What is it?" I looked at him. He shook his head and pointed behind my house, "I live right behind you, to the left of your house!"

"Oh my gosh! I get free rides to school now?" I giggled. He looked at me and smiled, swallowing, "I mean yeah, sure." He blinked. I smiled at him and opened up the car door, "Thank you for driving me home. And thank you so much for saving me from Billy tonight." I nodded at him and he cleared his throat, "Anytime. See you at school?" "See you later, Steve," I got out of the car. "Hey, uh Amy Anne?" I leaned into the car, "Yeah?" "Do you want to start our project tomorrow at my house, say 1? I'll have snacks," He lifted his eyebrows and licked his lips. I paused and smirked, "That sounds great, I'll be there."

2. Chapter 2

Birds chirping echoed through my head, I could hear my Dad using the leaf blower in the back yard. My eyes shot open and glanced at my alarm clock

8:43, it read. I groaned, stretching out across my bed. I slid out of bed, walked over to my window seat, and opened up the curtains to see my Dad blowing the herd of leaves in our back yard. My eyes glanced to the left of our house, to Steve's house. "Oh god. Steve..." I whispered under my breath, my stomach tied into knots. I forgot he invited me over to study last night. Wait, did last night really even happen? I turned and looked into my mirror, fixing my bed head. Glancing at my figure, I remembered Billy, *the devil incarnate*, touching my hips last night. I rolled my eyes. I pulled my Hall & Oates shirt tightly around my waist, looking at my figure. I mean, I did have broad hips. What was the deal with him last night? How did Billy figure I was a virgin? What a freak.

"Amy Anne, honey. You up?" My Mom said, knocking on my door, "Could you come help me with some Saturday chores?" "Uh, yeah, sure!" I yelled, walking out of my room, and down the steps.

"Hey hun, how did you sleep last night? You got in pretty late. I saw some guy driving that car that dropped you off," She teased, playfully elbowing me in the arm while we did the dishes. I smiled, and tried to hide my red cheeks. Why was I blushing about Steve Harrington? I barely knew the guy. "I, uh.." I stammered, blinking and shyly smiling, "His name is Steve Harrington, we go to school together." My Mom smiled and ooo-ed, making me blush more. The backdoor swung open, my Dad walked into the kitchen, wiping sweat from his forehead, "Hey, kiddo! What are you two ladies up to this Saturday morning?" He chuckled and kissed my Mom on the cheek, then messed my hair up.

You see, it's just my parents and I. It's always been that way. We're basically the 3 Amigos. I've never had many friends, so they've kind of always been my best friends, I mean, besides Jenn. My mom turned to my Dad and smiled, "Amy had a boy bring her home last night, Danny." She raised her eyebrows and did a big smirk, my Dad

ooo-ed now. "Ooo, Amy Anne Foster! You have a boyfriend and didn't tell me?" Dad joked messing my hair up again. Mom chimed in again, "His name is Steve Harrington!" My Dad pondered for a second and then exclaimed, "Harrington, ey? I think I went to school with his Dad! Wait... don't the Harringtons live to the left of us?" I looked at both of them, "Actually, yes. And Steve is in my History project Group. And... he invited me over to his house to study." I looked at my feet, scared of their reaction. My Mom gasped, "Amy Anne, Steve's your boyfriend, isn't he?" "You've never talked about a boy before," Dad looked at my Mom and smiled. "He's not my boyfriend, I swear! It's just.. We're just..." "Annie-girl, it's fine. We hope you have fun," my Dad said, placing his hand on my shoulder, "It's about time you got a boyfriend anyway." I playfully smacked his arm, "Dad!" My parents laughed. "What time is your date-I mean, study time?" My mom said, clearing her throat. "Uh, one," I said, walking upstairs. "Well, it's nice to hear that there's a boy in your life, finally!" My Dad yelled as I walked into my room.

After all of those chores it was already 12:15. "Crap," I said to myself, "What the heck do I wear to study? I've never done this before." I shuffled through my closet and grabbed a pair of jeans, my converse, and a navy blue sweater. I got dressed and threw my hair into a low pony tail, with my maroon scrunchy. I looked at my alarm clock, and exhaled sharply. 12:43. I felt like I was going to throw up. I looked into the mirror and put on some makeup, and took a really good look at myself. Why was I so nervous? I glanced over to my alarm clock again, 12:58. "Shit, shit, shit," I said running to grab my books. I ran out the door and over to Steve's house.

"Hey! Amy, you made it!" Steve smiled opening his front door, "I was scared you were going to bail on me, kid." I smiled, "Thanks for inviting me over, Steve." He showed me into his living room, it was huge. I looked around and on the coffee table was Kit-Kats, Popcorn and Cokes. His books were on the couch, and "Blues Brothers" was playing on the TV. "Yes! I love Blue Brothers!" I laughed, moving closer to the TV. Steve followed, "Ya know, you're more than welcome to sit down on the couch if you'd like," he plopped down on the couch and patted the spot beside him. I shrugged my shoulders and sat down beside him.

1 o'clock became 2 o'clock and then 2 o'clock became 5 o'clock. There we sat, on the couch smiling and laughing, talking about the history of Hawkins, and our personal histories. We talked about how he hates being alone most of the time, since his parents are always out of town, Nancy Wheeler left him for Jonathan Byers, and he's gotten rid of his ass-hole friends, trying not to hold the title of King Steve anymore. He asked me about my family and my dreams, and apologized again for Billy Hargrove's antics from the night before. There we sat, smiling and laughing.

"So, why haven't we hung out before?" Steve asked, brushing his fingers through his hair, throwing another piece of candy in his mouth. "Ya know? I don't know, really. Why haven't we hung out before?" I raised my eyebrows, chewing some popcorn. "Well, I was a punk a few months ago, and you were always in the library," smiling he took a swig of Coke. "Yeah, you were a big ole punk," I laughed. He gasped, "Nerd!" He laughed, throwing popcorn at me. I gasped too and grabbed some popcorn and started to throw it at Steve. He shot up off of the couch and grabbed a pillow, using it as a shield, "Oh, it is on, Foster!" I jumped behind the couch with the bowl of popcorn. From behind the couch I screamed, "It's over, Harrington! I have all of the ammo!" He threw what little popcorn he had left, and took a running leap over the couch then tackled me, laughing, "It's not over yet, Nerd! I have man power!" "Noooo! Not the man power!" I screamed dramatically, holding in laughter, trying to fight him off. He tackled me onto my back, and said, "You ticklish?" I froze and open my eyes widely and quickly shook my head. "Mhm," He hummed, starting to tickle my sides. I let out a large laugh. He grabbed my foot and threatened to tickle it, "Oh yeah, you definitely aren't ticklish whatsoever, Amy." I let out a large snort when he tickled my foot. Steve stopped and sat up, running his fingers through his hair, "Amy Anne Foster, was that a snort?" "Uh," I stammered, sitting up, "Nope." I started to pick pieces of popcorn out of my hair. "Mhm, sure," he stood up, holding his hand out for me to grab, "Truce, Foster?" I grabbed his hand and stood up, "Truce, Harrington."

As I stood in front of Steve I realized how much taller he was than me. My face met where his chest was. I looked at his chest, and studied his shoulders, up to his neck. My gaze traveled to his jaws, and then his lips. Those lips. I imagined what they would feel like if

he kissed me. My eyes now moved to his, and Steve was staring right at me. His eyes were a beautiful brown, dipped in auburn. My heart dropped, and he licked his lips, blinking at me like he was studying something. "I uh, oh my gosh," He said, his eyes shooting to the clock above the TV, "It's 6 o'clock. Are your parents going to kill me?" I laughed, "No, no, no. My parents wanted me to come. Do you want me to leave?" Staring at my feet I moved a lock of hair behind my ear. Steve reached over and grabbed a piece of popcorn out of the air, and then ate it, "Well, you want to get out of here then? Do something fun?" I smiled sheepishly, "Sure."

Hey guys! Thank you for reading this! If you'd like to leave a review that would be awesome! Crazy shit is happening in the next chapter, so brace yourselves. -Cal